THE BEST OF BRITISH COMICS—IT'S

TERRIFIC

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A POWER COMIC

No.15 EVERY MONDAY 9d

AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.25c. WEST AFRICA 1/-
SOUTH AFRICA 10c. RHODESIA 1/3 NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group.

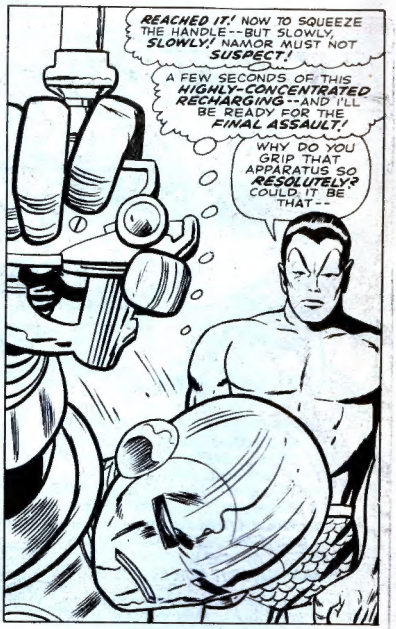
Prince Namor, THE SUB-MARINER!

"THE SUB-MARINER STRIKES!"

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1965

YOU SMASHED THE WEAPON--I COULDN'T DODGE IN TIME--!
AND YOU'RE LUCKY I DID! ANOTHER SPLIT-SECOND--AND THIS ENTIRE AREA MIGHT HAVE GONE UP IN A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT!
DURING THIS ASTONISHING BATTLE THE SUB-MARINER SIEZES ONE OF STARK'S LATEST WEAPONS — LITTLE THINKING THAT IT HAS THE POWER NOT ONLY TO DESTROY HIS ENEMY BUT ALSO HIMSELF AND THE ENTIRE AREA! IN THE NICK OF TIME IRON MAN HURLS HIMSELF AT THE WEAPON SMASHING IT FOR EVER . . .
NOW, GET READY, FISH-FACE--BECAUSE THE FINAL INNINGS IS COMING UP! YOUR STRENGTH--AGAINST MINE!
YOU SPEAK THE TRUTH--BUT, TRULY, YOUR POWER LIES IN YOUR PROTECTIVE ARMOUR! I SHALL RIP IT FROM YOU--AND THEN WE SHALL SEE WHICH OF US IS THE MIGHTIER!
DIDN'T SHIELD MY FACE FAST ENOUGH!
IF HE RIPS OFF MY HELMET, HE'LL FINISH ME WITH ONE BLOW!
IN THE ENDLESS DEPTHS OF THE SEA, NAMOR, YOU'RE MONARCH OF ALL YOU SURVEY--
BUT, IT'S OBVIOUS THAT NOBODY DOWN THERE EVER HEARD OF A SIMPLE THING WE SURFACE MEN CALL... JUDO!
BY THE RINGING GATES OF ATLANTIS!

UHHNN! SMASHING THAT ATOMIC WEAPON DRAINED ME OF MUCH OF MY STRENGTH--AND SENDING SUB-MARINER FOR A LOOP FINISHED THE JOB!
RISE, AVENGER--
BUT, THERE'S STILL NOPE! THAT ENERGO-GRIP OVERHEAD--IF I CAN ACTIVATE IT, I CAN REPLACE THE POWER I'VE LOST!
OR ELSE, BEG MERCY OF YOUR MASTER!


REACHED IT! NOW TO SQUEEZE THE HANDLE--BUT SLOWLY, SLOWLY! NAMOR MUST NOT SUSPECT!
A FEW SECONDS OF THIS HIGHLY-CONCENTRATED RECHARGING--AND I'LL BE READY FOR THE FINAL ASSAULT!
WHY DO YOU GRIP THAT APPARATUS SO RESOLUTELY? COULD IT BE THAT--

HE'S CATCHING ON! CAN'T WAIT ANOTHER MOMENT--I MUST ATTACK--NOW!
LOOK ALIVE, NAMOR! I'M GOING TO TEACH YOU A LESSON YOU'LL NEVER FORGET!
THWAK
ARRR!

I'VE GOT THE UPPER HAND NOW, YOU REFUGEE FROM MUSCLE BEACH--AND I INTEND TO KEEP IT!
WHICH MEANS, I'VE GOT TO KEEP HAMMERING AWAY! CAN'T LET UP FOR AN INSTANT!
HE'S SO STRANGELY SILENT--AS IF AWAITING THE SPLIT-SECOND WHEN I GIVE HIM AN OPENING, AND THEN--

DESPERATELY, DETERMINEDLY, PUTTING EVERY OUNCE OF ARMOURED FORCE BEHIND A SINGLE POWER-PACKED PUNCH, THE EMBATTLED IRON MAN LASHES OUT AT HIS RASH ANTAGONIST...

KRUNCH!

UNNNHH!

NEVER--ON LAND OR UNDER THE SEA--HAVE I BEEN STRUCK A *MIGHTIER BLOW!*

THANKS FOR THE *PAEANS OF PRAISE*, POINTY-EARS! BUT, PERSONALLY, I'D PREFER WE HOLD A *PEACE CONFERENCE!* WE'VE NO *REASON* TO FIGHT!

NO REASON? YOU *LIE*--FOR YOU HAVE PREVENTED ME FROM OVERTAKING MY ONCE-BELOVED *LADY DORMA!*

OOOOF! I DON'T KNOW WHO THIS *DORMA* CHICK IS--

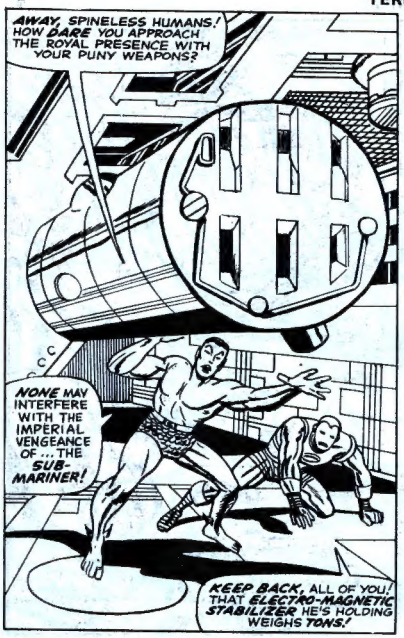
BUT, SHE MUST BE SOMETHING PRETTY *SPECIAL* TO AFFECT HIM THIS WAY!

MEANWHILE, AS FISTS FLY IN A PHANTASMAGORIA OF BATTLE, SEVERAL GRIM FIGURES STEALTHILY APPROACH THE STRUGGLING COMBATANTS...

ALL RIGHT, LOGAN! *NOW*--WHILE THE TWO OF THEM ARE CLOSE TOGETHER--FIRE THAT *SLEEP GAS*, AND DO IT *FAST!*

RIGHT, SARGE! AND DON'T *WORRY*--ONE OF THESE PELLETS HAS ENOUGH POWER TO KNOCK OUT A CHARGING *ELEPHANT!*

TOO LATE! THE SUB-MARINER'S *BROKEN FREE* OF IRON MAN'S GRIP--AND HE'S *HEADING THIS WAY!*


AWAY, SPINELESS HUMANS! HOW DARE YOU APPROACH THE ROYAL PRESENCE WITH YOUR PUNY WEAPONS?
NONE MAY INTERFERE WITH THE IMPERIAL VENGEANCE OF ... THE SUB-MARINER!
KEEP BACK, ALL OF YOU! THAT ELECTRO-MAGNETIC STABILIZER HE'S HOLDING WEIGHS TONS!

AND, THE NEXT SECOND...
LOOK OUT! HE'S HURLING THAT THING THROUGH THE WALL!
WOOOM!
NO SLEEP-GAS IS GOING TO STOP ANYBODY WHO CAN DO THAT!

MAY THAT SERVE AS A WARNING TO ANY WHO WOULD ATTEMPT TO STAY MY WRATHFUL HAND!
MY QUARREL IS WITH IRON MAN! ALL WHO WOULD HINDER OUR STRUGGLE--DO SO AT THEIR PERIL!
YOU ASKED FOR IT, NAMOR! ALL RIGHT, BOYS--BRING UP THE HEAVY ARTILLERY!

THEN, YOU ACTUALLY CHOOSE TO RISK MY ANGER? YOU WOULD FORCE ME TO CRUSH YOU --AS A TIDAL WAVE LEVELS A FLIMSY HUT?
MISTER, YOU CAN SAVE THE FANCY WORDS! WE'RE ASSIGNED TO GUARD TONY STARK'S CLOSED FACTORY--AND THAT'S JUST WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO, IF WE HAVE TO TAKE ON BOTH YOU AND IRON MAN!
OKAY, MEN--READY WITH THE MANUAL HOWITZERS!
NAH! I SHALL SHOW WHAT I THINK OF YOUR PUNY WEAPONS--

OH NO YOU DON'T, SUBBY! YOU'RE FIGHTING ME--REMEMBER?
I CAN'T LET HIM ATTACK THE OFFICERS UNPROTECTED BY METAL ARMOUR LIKE MINE, THEY WOULDN'T STAND A CHANCE!
SO--YOU ARE READY TO RENEW THE BATTLE! I WAS CARELESS--!

--BUT, I SHALL NOT BE SO AGAIN!
NAMOR, IF THAT'S THE BEST YOU CAN DO, YOU'D BETTER GO BACK TO LORDING IT OVER A BUNCH OF SEA-HORSES!
AND, JUST IN CASE MY MEANING ISN'T CLEAR ENOUGH TO YOU, I'LL EXPLAIN--!

NAMELY, SLAMMING ME INTO A MERE BRICK WALL IS NOT THE WAY TO GET RID OF IRON MAN!
HE'S WEAKENING! IT MUST BE BECAUSE HE ISN'T IN CONTACT WITH THE SEA, FROM WHICH HE DERIVES HIS POWER!
IF ONLY I CAN HOLD HIM HERE--I CAN STILL DEFEAT HIM!

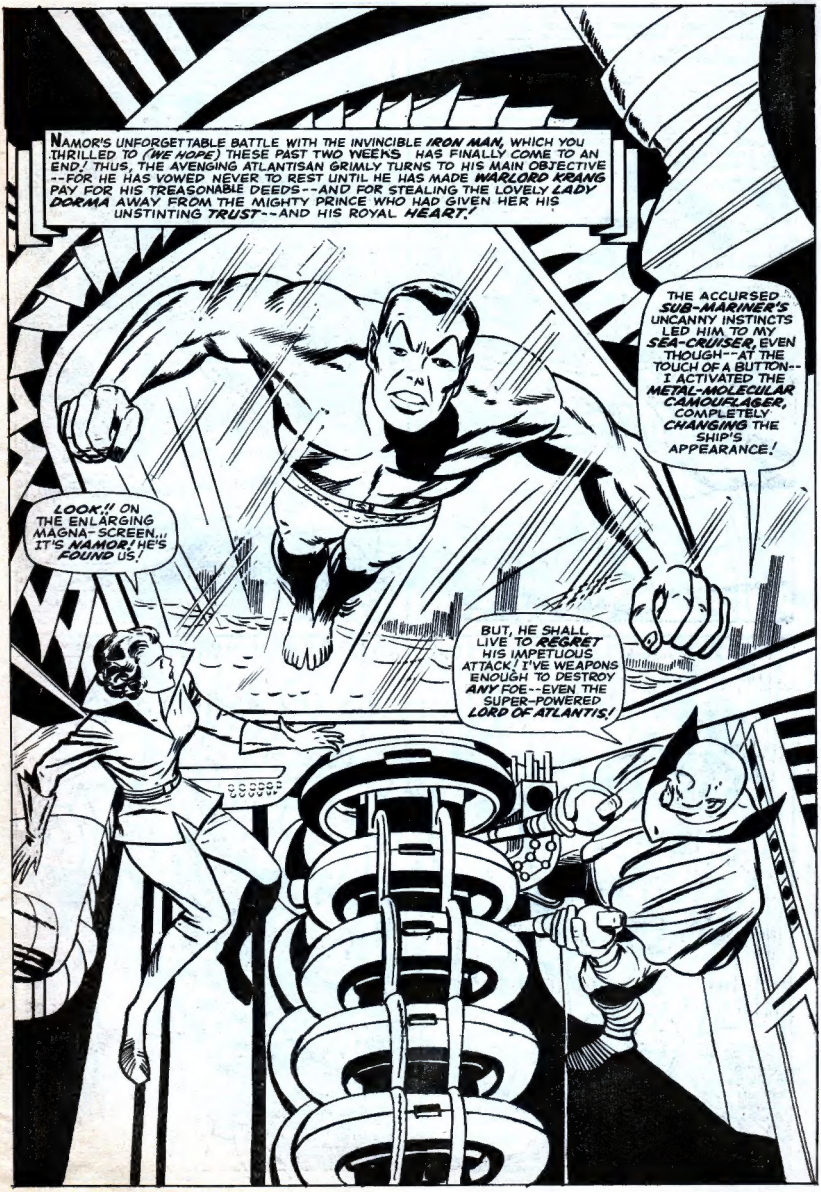
-UNNNHH!- I FEEL THE STING OF YOUR BLOWS MORE THAN I SHOULD! AM I TO BE DEPRIVED OF MY VICTORY BECAUSE WE STRUGGLE ON DRY LAND?
HAVE YOUR EXCUSES ANY WAY YOU WANT THEM NAMOR! IT STILL ALL ADDS UP TO THIS--YOU CAN'T WIN!

AND NOW, IT'S TIME FOR THE FINAL ROUND! GET READY FOR DREAM-LAND--UNLESS YOU WANT TO CRY PAX!
NEVER WILL PRINCE NAMOR SURRENDER! NEVER SHALL YOUR EYES VIEW THE TRUE SOVEREIGN OF ATLANTIS HUMBLED! NOT ALL YOUR VAUNTED POWER WILL GIVE YOU THE FINAL TRIUMPH!
WAIT! OUT THERE --IN THE WATER--! DO MY STARTLED EYES DECEIVE ME?

"NO! NO! IT IS TRULY THE BATTLE CRUISER OF WARLORD KRANG! HE HAS RETURNED--IN HOPES OF WITNESSING MY EVERLASTING DEFEAT AT THE HANDS OF IRON MAN!"
"AND--THE FALSE-HEARTED LADY DORMA MUST INDEED BE WITH HIM!"

INSTANTANEOUSLY, AT THE SIGHT OF THE OFFSHORE WARSHIP, THE MONARCH OF THE SEAS FEELS NEW STRENGTH, NEW LIFE, SURGING THROUGH HIS MIGHTY LIMBS, AND...
STAND ASIDE, ALL OF YOU! LET NONE BAR MY WAY WHEN I BEHOLD THOSE TWO WHOM I MOST DESPISE!
LET HIM GO! DON'T SHOOT!
LET HIM GO!? HOW DO WE STOP 'IM!?

AND, BEFORE THE STARTLED GUARDS CAN MOVE...
I HAVE NO NEED TO RUN TO THE WATER'S EDGE, LIKE SOME LAND-BOUND SURFACE CREATURE!
NOW, LET KRANG AND LADY DORMA BEWARE! FOR, I SHALL NEVER REST UNTIL THEY HAVE PAID--FOR BETRAYING ME!


NAMOR'S UNFORGETTABLE BATTLE WITH THE INVINCIBLE IRON MAN, WHICH YOU THRILLED TO (WE HOPE) THESE PAST TWO WEEKS HAS FINALLY COME TO AN END! THUS, THE AVENGING ATLANTISAN GRIMLY TURNS TO HIS MAIN OBJECTIVE --FOR HE HAS VOWED NEVER TO REST UNTIL HE HAS MADE WARLORD KRANG PAY FOR HIS TREASONABLE DEEDS--AND FOR STEALING THE LOVELY LADY DORMA AWAY FROM THE MIGHTY PRINCE WHO HAD GIVEN HER HIS UNSTINTING TRUST--AND HIS ROYAL HEART!
THE ACCURSED SUB-MARINER'S UNCANNY INSTINCTS LED HIM TO MY SEA-CRUISER, EVEN THOUGH--AT THE TOUCH OF A BUTTON--I ACTIVATED THE METAL-MOLECULAR CAMOUFLAGER, COMPLETELY CHANGING THE SHIP'S APPEARANCE!
LOOK!! ON THE ENLARGING MAGNA-SCREEN... IT'S NAMOR! HE'S FOUND US!
BUT, HE SHALL LIVE TO REGRET HIS IMPETUOUS ATTACK! I'VE WEAPONS ENOUGH TO DESTROY ANY FOE--EVEN THE SUPER-POWERED LORD OF ATLANTIS!

HE MUST BE DESTROYED--FOR WE'LL NEVER BE SAFE SO LONG AS HE LIVES!
HE HATES US BOTH--THINKING THAT YOU CHOSE TO BETRAY HIM AND RUN OFF WITH HIS GREATEST ENEMY--KRANG!
HE DOESN'T SUSPECT THAT YOU AGREED TO BECOME MY BRIDE IN ORDER TO SAVE HIS OWN LIFE--BECAUSE YOU LOVE HIM BEYOND ALL MEASURE!
JUST AS YOU DO NOT SUSPECT THAT I TRICKED YOU! NAMOR HAD ALREADY BEATEN ME WHEN I GAVE YOU MY ULTIMATUM! BUT, YOUR LOVE FOR HIM BLINDED YOU TO THAT FACT!
KRANG--STOP! DON'T! YOU MUSTN'T!
IN RETURN FOR MY PROMISE OF MARRIAGE, YOU VOWED TO SPARE NAMOR'S LIFE! YOU CANNOT MAKE A MOCKERY OF MY DESPERATE SACRIFICE!
KA-THAK!
I MERELY PROMISED TO SAVE NAMOR FROM THE MENACE OF THE BEHEMOTH! AND, IN TRUTH, HE DID SURVIVE THAT BATTLE!
BUT, THIS TIME NO RASH PROMISE--NO PLEADING FEMALE, SHALL SAVE HIM! THIS TIME THE SUB-MARINER DIES!
A HYDRO-FORCE BLAST--JUST AS I EXPECTED!
I WAS CARELESS! BY FOLLOWING MY USUAL BATTLE PLAN, HE WAS ABLE TO ANTICIPATE--AND THUS AVOID--MY OPENING BLAST!
PSAD!
IT WILL TAKE AT LEAST THREE SECONDS FOR HIS ENERGY CIRCUITS TO AGAIN REACH FULL CAPACITY--
AND THAT IS TIME ENOUGH FOR NAMOR--!
SPLEENG
AND AS NAMOR TURNS TO RENEW HIS ATTACK—WE TURN RELUCTANTLY AWAY TILL NEXT WEEK, ALF AND BART.

These sporty machines have high rise handlebars, short sports mudguards and a three-speed Sturmey Archer gear with 'Sportshift' stub-type gear lever. They've got banana shaped pole saddles, sweptwing chainguards and lightweight Endrick rims

This fabulous competition appears this week in all five of the Power Comics—FANTASTIC—TERRIFIC—SMASH—WHAM—POW . . . and it will be repeated every week in all five comics for the next six weeks. Thus, each week you can compete on an entry coupon from any or all of the "POWER-packed" five.

What is more, you can send your entries in now or, to save postage, you can keep them and send all your entries in together at the end of the contest.

What a FANTASTIC offer! Start entering this TERRIFIC competition now . . . and as often as you can—POW! WHAM! SMASH! *you* **can win one of our ten super bikes—FREE!**

HOW TO ENTER

Pierrots on the piers are strictly for squares! What we want is pops in the Pavilion!

Imagine you were to be the producer of a pop show to run for the summer at a British seaside resort. If you could book TEN of the turns listed on your free entry coupon, which TEN would you choose in order to make the show the most entertaining one and a sure-fire success?

Simply place a cross (X) in the blank spaces next to the TEN turns you select. You don't have to worry about the order in which they will appear—just mark ten crosses. If you are aged 10 or under you may complete your entries in pencil: older readers MUST use ink—pen or ball-point.

Next, add your age and your name and address in block letters, and post your entry in a sealed envelope (4d. postage) to the address shown on your entry coupon. Remember, you can post your coupon(s) now, or you can save them until the end of the competition. All entries must arrive by not later than FRIDAY, 8th SEPTEMBER, 1967.

RULES

There are ten prizes, each of a Raleigh Mustang bicycle. All entries will be examined, and the prizes awarded to the ten competitors who have, in the opinion of the judges, shown the most skill and judgement in selecting the ten turns which, together, would make a seaside summer pop show the most entertaining one and a sure-fire success. Should there be more than ten such entries, those tying will be invited to enter a free eliminating contest to decide the ten winners. No reader can win more than one award.

The competition is open to all readers in the U.K. and Eire other than children of employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and associated companies. Each reader is allowed to submit one entry coupon every week from each of the five Power comics in which this competition appears.

The decisions of the Managing Editor and the judges are final in all matters relating to the competition, and no correspondence will be entered into. The results will be published in the five Power Comics.

FREE ENTRY FORM
POWER POP COMPETITION

Place a cross (X) in the blank space against each of the TEN turns you select.

Bachelors	Monkees	
Barron Knights	Paul and Barry Ryan	
Cat Stevens	Petula Clark	
Cliff Richard	Sandie Shaw	
Dusty Springfield	Seekers	
Freddie and the Dreamers	Shadows	
Ken Dodd	Tom Jones	
Lulu	Tremeloes	
Mammas and Poppas	Val Doonican	
Manfred Mann	Walker Brothers	

AGE ..... NAME .....
Block letters

ADDRESS .....
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Post your entry to: POWER POP COMPETITION
96 LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

22.7.67

Cut around dotted line

THE AVENGERS
POWER PACK
EVEN THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST CRUSADERS FIND THEMSELVES HELPLESSLY TRAPPED WITHIN "The CASTLE OF COUNT NEFARIA!"
YOU'LL GASP IN AMAZEMENT AT THE MOST UNEXPECTED POWER STORY YOU'VE EVER SEEN!
SEE RICK JONES AND HIS TEEN BRIGADE IMPRISONED IN THE DUNGEON OF DOOM!
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1964

A GREAT CITY NEVER TRULY SLEEPS! IT IS ALWAYS PULSATING WITH LIFE, FILLED WITH DRAMA, AND THREATENED BY--*CRIME!*

STEP ON IT! LOAD 'EM UP AND WE'LL TAKE OFF!

THIS IS THE *LAST* OF 'EM! NOW LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

SO FAR, SO GOOD! THOSE FURS'LL BE WORTH A *FORTUNE* TO THE RIGHT BUYER!

DON'T COUNT YOUR TAKE TILL WE'RE IN THE *CLEAR!* HEY! WHAT'S THAT *ABOVE* US??

IT'S A *HAMMER!* IT--IT FELL FROM THE *SKY!*

FELL *MY FOOT!* IT WAS *THROWN* --SMASHED RIGHT THROUGH OUR ENGINE!

KA-POK!

SKRAK!

OKAY, BOYS! THE PARTY'S OVER!

IRON MAN!

HE RIPPED THAT STEEL DOOR LIKE IT WAS *PAPER!*

HEY! GO EASY WITH THAT *HAMMER*, MISTER! ALL WE DID WAS PASS A STOP SIGN!

SILENCE! YOU WILL FOLLOW US TO THE POLICE--IN THE NAME OF--*THE AVENGERS!*

A SHORT TIME LATER, AT AN EMERGENCY MEETING OF THE WORLD-WIDE CRIME CARTEL COMMONLY KNOWN AS THE *MAGGIA*, WE FIND...

THE AVENGERS ARE PUTTING US OUT OF BUSINESS!

BETWEEN THEM AND THE COPS, WE'VE BEEN OPERATING AT A *LOSS* FOR THE WHOLE FISCAL YEAR!

THE AVENGERS ON THE RAMPAGE

DAILY GLOBE

AVENGERS APPREHEND FUR BANDITS!

WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN WHEN *THE COUNT* HEARS ABOUT IT??

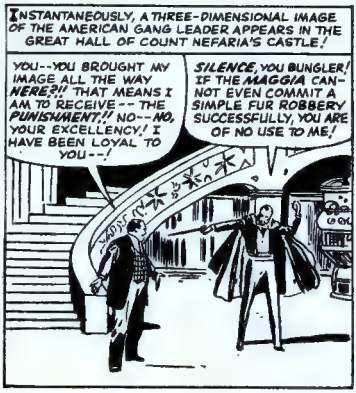
THEN, AT THAT VERY MOMENT...
THE ELECTRO-RAY SIGNAL! IT'S HIM--IT'S THE COUNT! HE MUST HAVE LEARNED OF WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT!
BUT--HE'S THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY!! HOW COULD HE HEAR OF IT SO SOON??

YOU FOOL! HE'S THE MOST POWERFUL CRIME LORD ON EARTH! HE KNOWS EVERYTHING!
ANSWER HIM--QUICK!! YOU KNOW THE PENALTY FOR KEEPING THE COUNT WAITING!

ALL RIGHT! STAND BACK, ALL OF YOU--WHILE I TOUCH THE SENSITIVE ELECTRO-DISC!
I-I CAN FEEL IT BEGINNING TO TINGLE!

THE VERY SPLIT-SECOND THAT CONTACT IS MADE, A SIGNAL BEAM FLASHES HALF-WAY AROUND THE PLANET...

--TO THE REGAL CASTLE OF THE MAN WHOM THE WORLD KNOWS AS COUNT NEFARIA!
SO! HE IS TOUCHING THE ELECTRO-DISC!
NOW, ALL I NEED DO IS PRESS THIS BUTTON...


INSTANTANEOUSLY, A THREE-DIMENSIONAL IMAGE OF THE AMERICAN GANG LEADER APPEARS IN THE GREAT HALL OF COUNT NEFARIA'S CASTLE!
YOU--YOU BROUGHT MY IMAGE ALL THE WAY HERE?!! THAT MEANS I AM TO RECEIVE--THE PUNISHMENT?! NO--NO, YOUR EXCELLENCY! I HAVE BEEN LOYAL TO YOU--!
SILENCE, YOU BUNGLER! IF THE MAGGIA CANNOT EVEN COMMIT A SIMPLE FUR ROBBERY SUCCESSFULLY, YOU ARE OF NO USE TO ME!

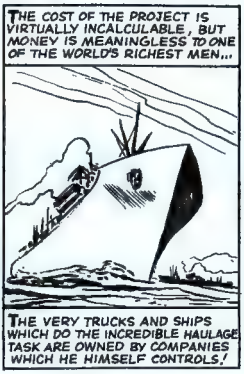
BUT, I AM BLAMELESS! NO ONE CAN STOP THE AVENGERS!
YOU DARE SAY THAT TO ME??! I CAN STOP ANYONE!
AND NOW, AT THE PRESS OF A BUTTON, I ERASE YOUR IMAGE! PREPARE FOR--THE PUNISHMENT!
NO, EXCELLENCY! NOT THAT! NO! NOODO--!

HE HAS BEEN BANISHED FROM THE MAGGIA! HE HAS NO PLACE TO GO--NONE TO TURN TO! A FITTING PUNISHMENT FOR THOSE WHO FAIL COUNT NEFARIA!
BUT NOW, I MUST DEAL WITH THE MEDDLESOME AVENGERS!
ALREADY, A PLAN BEGINS TO FORM IN MY MIND!

NONE WILL SUSPECT! THE WORLD KNOWS ME ONLY AS EUROPE'S WEALTHIEST NOBLEMAN!

THUS, DAYS LATER...
OH, LISTEN, HANK! "THE FAMOUS COUNT NEFARIA IS MOVING HIS ANCIENT CASTLE OVERSEAS STONE BY STONE!"
WITH HIS MONEY, HE COULD SHIP IT TO THE MOON IF HE WANTED TO!

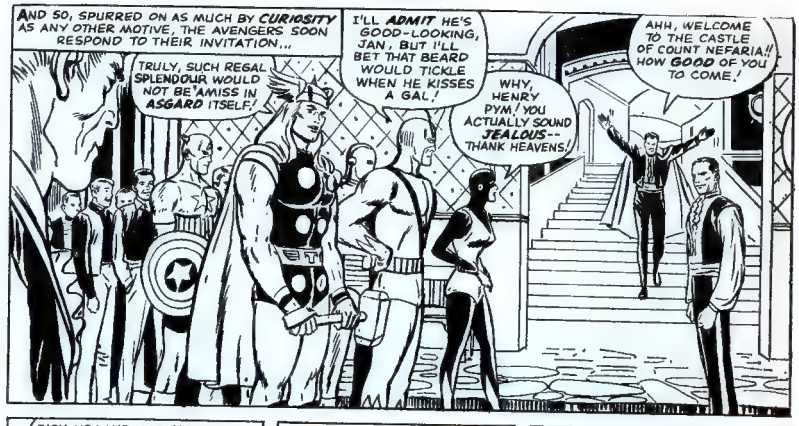
AND SO, THE FIRST PART OF THE COUNT'S FANTASTIC SCHEME IS PUT INTO EFFECT, AS HIS ENTIRE CASTLE IS DISMANTLED AND LOADED UPON A FLEET OF CARGO SHIPS...


THE COST OF THE PROJECT IS VIRTUALLY INCALCULABLE, BUT MONEY IS MEANINGLESS TO ONE OF THE WORLD'S RICHEST MEN...
THE VERY TRUCKS AND SHIPS WHICH DO THE INCREDIBLE HAULAGE TASK ARE OWNED BY COMPANIES WHICH HE HIMSELF CONTROLS!

FINALLY, IN A MATTER OF WEEKS, THE HERCULEAN JOB IS COMPLETED, AS THE CASTLE OF COUNT NEFARIA LOOKS DOWN UPON THE COUNTRYSIDE. ONLY A FEW MILES FROM THE AVENGERS H.Q...
EVERYTHING IS READY! NOW FOR PHASE TWO OF MY MASTER PLAN!

THE NEXT DAY...
ACCORDING TO THE PAPER, NEFARIA IS OPENING HIS CASTLE TO THE PUBLIC--AND ALL PROCEEDS WILL BE DONATED TO CHARITY!
I'D SURE LIKE TO SEE THAT STONE SHACK OF HIS!
YOU'LL GET YOUR CHANCE, RICK! HE'S INVITED THE AVENGERS THERE!
HE HAS? WHY?

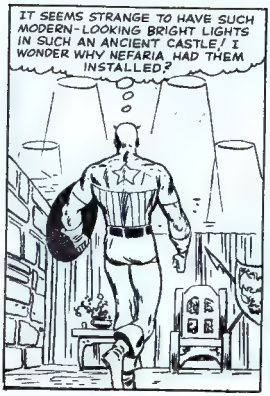
I'LL SHRINK DOWN SO I CAN HEAR BETTER!
COUNT NEFARIA WROTE A LETTER SAYING THAT IF WE ATTEND THE OPENING DAY CEREMONY, IT'S SURE TO BE A BIG SUCCESS! AND I, FOR ONE, COULDN'T AGREE MORE!
WE CAN'T SAY NO IF IT'S FOR CHARITY!
BESIDES, THEY SAY THE COUNT IS POSITIVELY FASCINATING!


AND SO, SPURRED ON AS MUCH BY CURIOSITY AS ANY OTHER MOTIVE, THE AVENGERS SOON RESPOND TO THEIR INVITATION...
TRULY, SUCH REGAL SPLENDOUR WOULD NOT BE AMISS IN ASGARD ITSELF!
I'LL ADMIT HE'S GOOD-LOOKING, JAN, BUT I'LL BET THAT BEARD WOULD TICKLE WHEN HE KISSES A GAL!
WHY, HENRY PYM! YOU ACTUALLY SOUND JEALOUS-- THANK HEAVENS!
AHH, WELCOME TO THE CASTLE OF COUNT NEFARIA!! HOW GOOD OF YOU TO COME!

RICK, YOU AND THE TEEN BRIGADE WAIT OUTSIDE TILL THE DOORS OPEN FOR THE PUBLIC!
SURE THING, CAP!
I WILL SHOW EACH OF YOU TO YOUR QUARTERS NOW!
QUARTERS? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

TO SHOW MY GRATITUDE FOR YOUR VISIT, I HAVE ASSIGNED EACH OF YOU A CHAMBER WHERE YOU MAY RELAX AND REST A BIT BEFORE THE CEREMONY BEGINS,
THAT ONE IS YOURS, IRON MAN!
THANKS, COUNT! VERY THOUGHTFUL OF YOU!

THEN, AFTER EACH AVENGER HAS BEEN SHOWN TO THE PROPER CHAMBER...
THE FOOLS! THEY NEVER SUSPECTED A THING!
NOW, ALL THAT REMAINS IS TO SPRING THE TRAP!

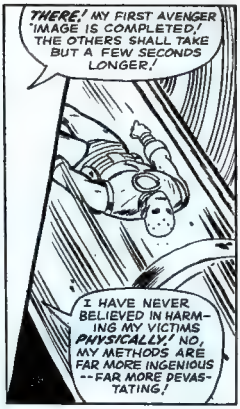

IT SEEMS STRANGE TO HAVE SUCH MODERN-LOOKING BRIGHT LIGHTS IN SUCH AN ANCIENT CASTLE! I WONDER WHY NEFARIA HAD THEM INSTALLED?

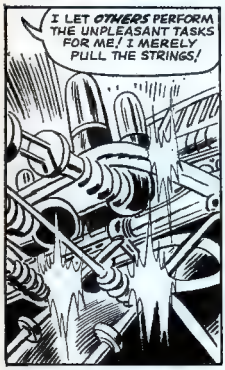
THE CHAMBER IS BATHED IN A SHIMMERING LIGHT! BUT, FOR WHAT PURPOSE??

THEN, SLOWLY, THE LIGHTS BEGIN TO INCREASE IN INTENSITY, FOCUSING SHARPLY ON THE OCCUPANT OF EACH ROOM, UNTIL...
MY BRAIN SEEMS NUMB! MY THOUGHTS ARE BECOMING DULLED-- SLUGGISH--
IT'S ALMOST AS THOUGH THE VERY FABRIC OF TIME IS SLOWING DOWN--!

I'VE DONE IT! I'VE MANAGED TO PUT EACH OF THEM UNDER THE RAYS OF THE THE TRANSCENDER BEAMS!
FOR THEM, TIME WILL APPEAR TO BE STANDING STILL, UNTIL THE LIGHTS ARE AGAIN SHUT OFF!
AND NOW, FOR THE FINAL PART OF MY INFALLIBLE PLAN!

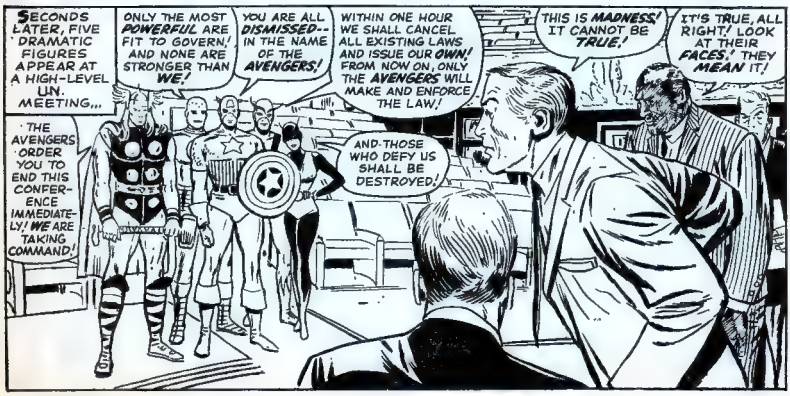
WHILE THEY SIT, TRANCE-LIKE, IN THEIR CHAMBERS, I SHALL CREATE NEW THREE-DIMENSIONAL IMAGES OF THEM--IMAGES WHICH I ALONE CAN CONTROL!


THERE! MY FIRST AVENGER IMAGE IS COMPLETED! THE OTHERS SHALL TAKE BUT A FEW SECONDS LONGER!
I HAVE NEVER BELIEVED IN HARMING MY VICTIMS PHYSICALLY! NO, MY METHODS ARE FAR MORE INGENIOUS--FAR MORE DEVASTATING!


I LET OTHERS PERFORM THE UNPLEASANT TASKS FOR ME! I MERELY PULL THE STRINGS!

THUS, SHOULD MY EMPIRE OF CRIME EVER TOPPLE, THE HANDS OF COUNT NEFARIA WILL ALWAYS BE CLEAN!

AND NOW, I AM READY! THE IMAGES ARE COMPLETED, AND EACH IS UNDER MY CONTROL!
SO, BY USING THEM, I SHALL DESTROY THE AVENGERS!


SECONDS LATER, FIVE DRAMATIC FIGURES APPEAR AT A HIGH-LEVEL UN. MEETING...
THE AVENGERS ORDER YOU TO END THIS CONFERENCE IMMEDIATELY! WE ARE TAKING COMMAND!
ONLY THE MOST POWERFUL ARE FIT TO GOVERN! AND NONE ARE STRONGER THAN WE!
YOU ARE ALL DISMISSED--IN THE NAME OF THE AVENGERS!
WITHIN ONE HOUR WE SHALL CANCEL ALL EXISTING LAWS AND ISSUE OUR OWN! FROM NOW ON, ONLY THE AVENGERS WILL MAKE AND ENFORCE THE LAW!
AND THOSE WHO DEFY US SHALL BE DESTROYED!
THIS IS MADNESS! IT CANNOT BE TRUE!
IT'S TRUE, ALL RIGHT! LOOK AT THEIR FACES! THEY MEAN IT!

WITHIN SECONDS, THE ONLY POSSIBLE ANSWER IS GIVEN!
ORDER COMPLETE MOBILIZATION! CANCEL ALL MILITARY LEAVES! THIS PLANET WILL NEVER BOW TO ANY SHOW OF FORCE!
AND SO...
IT IS WE WHO WARN YOU! SURRENDER IMMEDIATELY, OR FACE THE ARMED MIGHT OF THE WHOLE WORLD THERE IS NO OTHER CHOICE!
SO BE IT! YOU ARE AT WAR-- WITH THE AVENGERS!
WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD, THE FIVE FIGURES TURN AND DEPART--FIVE FIGURES WHO ARE MERELY ELECTRO-IMAGES, SKILLFULLY MANIPULATED BY THE EVIL HANDS OF COUNT NEFARIA!!
I-I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
WHAT MADE THEM DO IT? HAVE THEY GONE MAD??
MINUTES LATER, AT AN EMERGENCY NEWS CONFERENCE...
THE PUBLIC IS URGED TO REMAIN CALM! A STATE OF COMPLETE EMERGENCY HAS BEEN DECLARED!
THEN, BEFORE THE DAY IS DONE, THE ENTIRE NATION LEARNS THE STAGGERING NEWS...
AND THEY CALLED THEMSELVES HUMANITY'S DEFENDERS!! THE TRAITORS!
EXTRA!! WAR DECLARED! EXTRA!
SPECIAL WAR EXTRA!
AVENGERS CHALLENGE UNITED STATES
AVENGERS DECLARE WAR ON WORLD!
"SHOOT ON SIGHT" ORDERS ARMY!
AND, AT THE GLOBAL COMMAND HEADQUARTERS FOR THE GREATEST CONCENTRATION OF MILITARY MIGHT THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN--!
WE DARE NOT UNDERESTIMATE THEM! REMEMBER--THEY POSSESS SUPER POWERS!
WE MUST STRIKE FIRST! THEY MUST BE FOUND AND DESTROYED, AS A LESSON TO ANY AGGRESSORS!
YET, I FIND IT HARD TO ISSUE THE ORDER! THEY HAVE DONE SO MUCH FOR US ALL IN THE PAST! WE HAVE FOUGHT SIDE-BY-SIDE--- AGAINST OVERWHELMING ODDS!
UNTIL THIS VERY DAY, I'D HAVE GIVEN MY LIFE IN DEFENCE OF ANY ONE OF THEM!!
BUT NOW, THE DIE IS CAST! THERE'S NO TURNING BACK--!
PUT OPERATION SEEK AND DESTROY INTO EFFECT AT ONCE! HAVE EVERY SECTOR COMMANDER REPORT TO ME HOURLY! DIS-MISSED!
BY NIGHTFALL, WANTED POSTERS APPEAR THROUGHOUT THE NATION! INDEED, THE GENERAL WAS RIGHT--THERE IS NO TURNING BACK!
NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY I'D BE READING SOMETHING LIKE THIS!
WANTED! DEAD OR ALIVE THE AVENGERS!
WARNING: THEY ARE ARMED WITH THE MOST AWESOME POWERS KNOWN TO MAN!

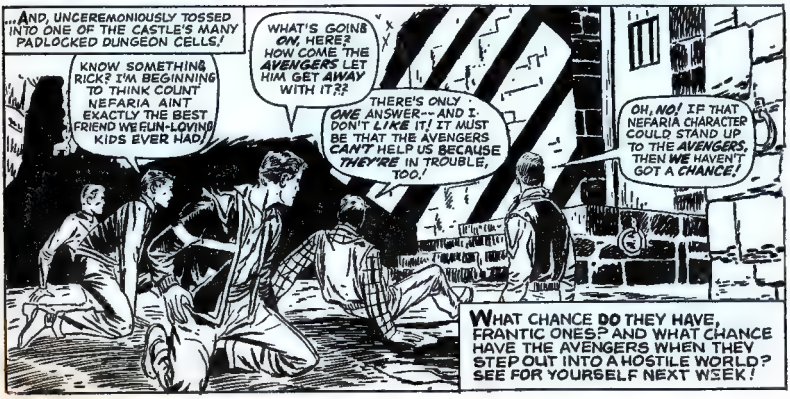
MEANWHILE, AT THE CASTLE OF COUNT NEFARIA...
SO FAR, NOBODY HAS BEEN ABLE TO FIND THE AVENGERS! NATURALLY! FOR, THEY ARE STILL WITHIN MY CASTLE-- WHILE THEIR ELECTRO-IMAGES HAVE FADED INTO NOTHINGNESS!
AND, MY SUPREME MOMENT IS ALMOST AT HAND!
WHEN I RELEASE THEM, THEY WILL GO TO THEIR DOOM --UNSUSPECTING! UNAWARE! TOTALLY HELPLESS!
AND, AS EVER, I SHALL BE IN THE CLEAR! FOR NOT A SHRED OF EVIDENCE CAN POINT TO THE RESPECTED COUNT NEFARIA!

BUT, EVEN THE CLEVEREST PLAN CAN BE FOILED BY --THE UNEXPECTED!!
I DON'T LIKE IT, FELLAS! CAP WOULD NEVER HAVE KEPT US WAITING THIS LONG!
MAYBE WE OUGHT TOGO IN AND HAVE A LOOK AROUND!
YOU'RE RIGHT, RICK! WE'VE BEEN HANGING AROUND HERE FOR HOURS!
IT'S LOOKING TOO FISHY! WHERE ARE THE CROWDS WHO WERE SUPPOSED TO COME HERE AND DONATE THEIR CASH FOR CHARITY?

AND SO, RICK JONES AND HIS TEEN BRIGADE BEGIN THEIR OWN "TOUR" OF THE STRANGE CASTLE...!
LOOK! UP AHEAD! SOME KIND OF GIANT CONTROL ROOM!

BUT, THE EYES OF COUNT NEFARIA ARE EVERYWHERE, AND, AT THE TOUCH OF A BUTTON...
MY MAGGIA AGENTS WILL KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THIS MATTER!

THUS, WITHIN SECONDS, THE OUT-NUMBERED BAND OF TEEN-AGERS IS SEIZED...


...AND, UNCEREMONIOUSLY TOSSED INTO ONE OF THE CASTLE'S MANY PADLOCKED DUNGEON CELLS!
KNOW SOMETHING RICK? I'M BEGINNING TO THINK COUNT NEFARIA AINT EXACTLY THE BEST FRIEND WE FUN-LOVING KIDS EVER HAD!
WHAT'S GOING ON, HERE? HOW COME THE AVENGERS LET HIM GET AWAY WITH IT??
THERE'S ONLY ONE ANSWER-- AND I DON'T LIKE IT! IT MUST BE THAT THE AVENGERS CAN'T HELP US BECAUSE THEY'RE IN TROUBLE, TOO!
OH, NO! IF THAT NEFARIA CHARACTER COULD STAND UP TO THE AVENGERS, THEN WE HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE!
WHAT CHANCE DO THEY HAVE, FRANTIC ONES? AND WHAT CHANCE HAVE THE AVENGERS WHEN THEY STEP OUT INTO A HOSTILE WORLD? SEE FOR YOURSELF NEXT WEEK!

TERRIFIC NEWS!

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO:—
TERRIFIC
64, LONG ACRE
LONDON, W.C.2

Dear Alf and Bart,
I never knew anything about POWER comics till one day, I walked into the shop and there was a new comic there. I tried it, I loved and I surged with the power of the Sub-Mariner flowing through my body. It's horrible here in Ireland, because we have to wait till Friday to get our TERRIFIC. All week I just stand around waiting for Friday.
John McKenna,
Stillorgan, Co. Dublin.

What with all the fantasterrific letters we get from Ireland these days—it looks like the dawn of the Celtic twilight is shining right through the holes in the roof.
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
Do the Mighty Avengers know each other's identities? I mean, does THOR know that IRON MAN is really Tony Stark? If the Avengers know, do the Teen Brigade?
Michael Gallagher,
Manchester 14.

The Avengers are pledged never to pry into the private lives of their comrades, Mike; that goes for the Teen Brigade as well.
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
At the end of each Sub-Mariner story in TERRIFIC, you write *Imperius Rex*. I just wondered what this was supposed to mean, since, if you meant "the king commands it" it should have been "imperat rex" while, if you meant "by the order of the king" it should have been "imperio regis." Even so, one doesn't normally use 'imperium' for 'command' in the verbal sense—this word generally means Power (how apt!) or leadership. The word for command in this sense is 'imperatum' or 'iussum.' As far as I know, there is no such word as 'imperius.' Of course, unless you say so, I'll believe that the mistake was made by the printer who isn't as clever as you two, Latinwise. By the way, my sister pointed this out to me, but she's so old that she didn't dare write the letter herself. If you print this, I promise I'll buy her another Latin book.
Chris Turl,
Hitchin, Herts.

Imperius Rex *is perfect* **dog-Latin** *for* **Imperial King**—*so, now you know, Chris, try it on your dog!*
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I shall make this short and sweet. Your new Power Comic is absolutely fab'lus, super, great, fantastic (oops) and is here to stay. The Sub-Mariner is great and even matches ol' web spinner in (ahh) POW! And at last the mighty master of the mystic arts, Doc Strange, is here! Good ol' TERRIFIC.
Graham Rose,
Slough, Bucks.

Good for you, Graham—you certainly rose to the occasion!
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
In ish 6 of your powerful comic TERRIFIC, you said that Namor's powers were hereditary. This is incorrect. Namor's mother was a Princess. One day a ship passed over Atlantis. Princess Fren's father told her to send some soldiers to investigate. Instead she went herself. She fell in love with one of the sailors, and they married. They lived happily for about a year. Then Princess Fren's father found her, and, thinking the sailor had kidnapped her, killed him. Heart-broken, Fren returned to Atlantis, and gave birth to Namor. The combination of Atlantean and surface man gave him superstrength, wings, and pink flesh. Keep up the good work at the House of Power.
Ian Howarth,
Portsmouth.

The legends of Atlantis are as many as the hairs in Neptune's beard, Ian, and we're always glad to hear another.
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
How come there are two power house pin-ups of Thor, one in Fantastic ish 3 and now another one in Terrific ish 6. Has someone at the Power House boobed?
P. Baer, London.

No-one boobed, P.B., it's just that we had so many sacks of frantic letters demanding another pin-up of the Thunder God that we felt we just had to comply!
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
Like to ask you sommat. Do you get many letters from girl readers of Power Comics? If not, now you've got liddle ol' me. I think TERRIFIC is just . . . well . . . terrific. 'Cos I got me favourite story ain't I? Yeah, that's right, it's Doc Strange. I think he's L . O . V . E . R . L . Y . . . Well signing off now 'cos I fink I've had me say.
Sandra X,
London.

We get shoals of letters from girls, Sandra X.
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I think he is fantastic, Doc Strange, of course. The way he opens the scanner with a small world inside; the way his eyes glow when he is "mentally probing" those people! When I first saw his face that way (all glowing) I got the fright of my life. I am glad he defeated that "creature." I cannot wait to see what is in store for Doc Strange next week, but whatever it is he will defeat "it"!
George Owers,
Glasgow, S.5.

P.S.—Could you give me a hint of what is in store for him next week?

What, and scare ourselves to death!
Alf and Bart.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

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Dear Alf and Bart,
I am mad on all the Power Comics but my Mother only lets me buy one of them, so every time a new Power Comic comes out I cancel the one I get and order the new one instead. What shall I do ?
Anthony Taylor,
St. Clement, Jersey.

Weep !
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I have realised that the world must be given the figures. So, here they are. In an average TERRIFIC there are : 38,124 letters, 10,109 words, 408 word balloons, 113 word boxes, 238 pictures, 1 pin-up. For only 1d. you get : 4,236 letters, 1,123½ words, 45½ word balloons, 13½ word boxes, 26½ pictures, ½ of a pin-up.
P.S.—When I was writing this letter a big tree fell down and crumpled all our garden.
Anon,
Ampthill, Beds.

It's a good thing you weren't writing a book, Anon, or the whole house might have collapsed about your ears !
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
My favourite power comics are TERRIFIC and FANTASTIC. I specially like THOR. I have about fifteen pin-ups stuck up all round my bedroom. The night I put Ice-Man up I felt it rather cold in bed. This started some fantastic dreams. I have many comics bundled up in my bedroom cupboard, so I wish you would hurry up and design a folder for Power Comics. I like TERRIFIC and FANTASTIC because they are brightly coloured and are a nice handy size.
Robert Logan,
Jedburgh, Roxburghsh.

If our handy sized mags get out of hand and threaten to burst the cupboard, Rob,—stack them in your room and sleep in the cupboard !
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I'm not going to waste my time telling you how undescribably powerstrofic TERRIFIC is. No, I'm not one of those stupid guys suffering from powermania who go on and on blabbering about how great that fab comic is. I, dear Alf and Bart (by the way, you are my heroes), am going to tell you how undescribably powerstrofic FANTASTIC is . . . Gadzooks ! ! I don't hear anyone laughing ! By the glittering beard of Odin the almighty, and the bald head of Professor X, I hereby solemnly state that I am loyal fan of the X-Men. (Yehoo ! How about that for a keen phrase ?). Thor, the Missing Link, and Iron Man are also in my superhero top ten. The X-Men are second, Thor third, Iron Man fourth, and the Missing Link fifth. Betya can't guess who's first. No, didn't think you would : ANDY PANDY ! Anyway, now a word of advice. If this letter doesn't get published in TERRIFIC and one of those green pieces of paper isn't sent to me, by the big feet of the beast, and the awful smell that they must release, I will set the magic spells of Doc Strange and the terrible menace of Andy Pandy on to you ! So be it ! !
James Freel,
11 Higher Bebrington, Ches.

By Cos's quivering knee-caps your threats are nought to us, J.F. (Or is it, J.T.?) Nay, by Bart's Boot, NONE can cower us for does not Nutty Noddle stand by us ! ! ? Has he not sworn eternal vengeance on all who menace us ! Even so, here's the pound note ; don't eat it all at once !
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
Last Monday night after I had read all my TERRIFICs all over again I fell asleep and dreamt that my brother had taken all my TERRIFICs. I looked all over the house, in the fridge, in the washer and everywhere ten times. When I woke up I found myself sweating. However, I dashed downstairs and found them on the table in the lounge. I wanted to keep them safe just in case my brother did try to pinch them, so I pinned them up above my bed and fixed one end of a piece of cotton to them, then tied the other end to my finger.
David Sowden,
Rawdon, Yorks.

Fancy keeping TERRIFIC in the fridge and washer ! Still, they must be safeguarded. Friend of ours keeps his in the Bank of England, and one old lady known to science keeps her back issues sewn into her bullet-proof nighty !
Alf and Bart.

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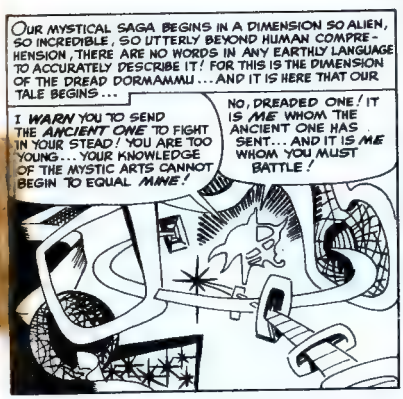
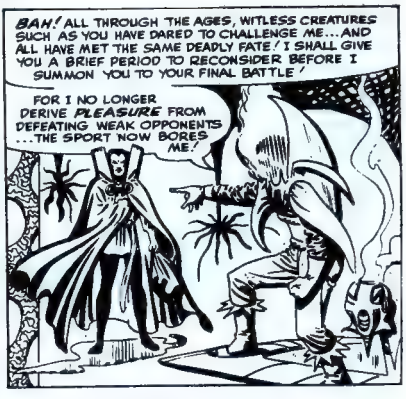
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1963


OUR MYSTICAL SAGA BEGINS IN A DIMENSION SO ALIEN, SO INCREDIBLE, SO UTTERLY BEYOND HUMAN COMPREHENSION, THERE ARE NO WORDS IN ANY EARTHLY LANGUAGE TO ACCURATELY DESCRIBE IT! FOR THIS IS THE DIMENSION OF THE DREAD DORMAMMU... AND IT IS HERE THAT OUR TALE BEGINS...
I WARN YOU TO SEND THE ANCIENT ONE TO FIGHT IN YOUR STEAD! YOU ARE TOO YOUNG... YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE MYSTIC ARTS CANNOT BEGIN TO EQUAL MINE!
NO, DREADED ONE! IT IS ME WHOM THE ANCIENT ONE HAS SENT... AND IT IS ME WHOM YOU MUST BATTLE!


BAH! ALL THROUGH THE AGES, WITLESS CREATURES SUCH AS YOU HAVE DARED TO CHALLENGE ME... AND ALL HAVE MET THE SAME DEADLY FATE! I SHALL GIVE YOU A BRIEF PERIOD TO RECONSIDER BEFORE I SUMMON YOU TO YOUR FINAL BATTLE!
FOR I NO LONGER DERIVE PLEASURE FROM DEFEATING WEAK OPPONENTS ...THE SPORT NOW BORES ME!

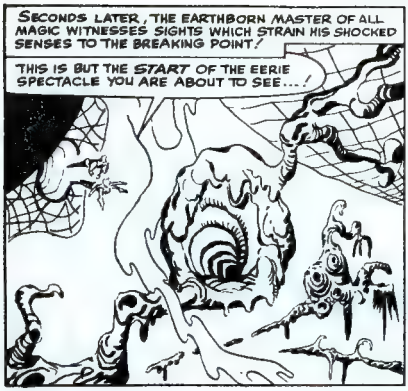
AND SO, MOMENTS LATER...
HE SOUNDED SO SURE OF HIMSELF... SO TOTALLY ARROGANT! CAN HE REALLY BE SO COMPLETELY UNBEATABLE!?

THEN, SUDDENLY, THE MYSTERIOUS FEMALE WHO HAD TRIED TO WARN DR. STRANGE WHEN HE ENTERED THE DREAD DIMENSION AGAIN APPEARS...
HEED MY WORDS, MAN FROM ANOTHER WORLD! YOU MUST NOT BATTLE DORMAMMU!
YOU WASTE YOUR BREATH! NOTHING CAN STOP ME! I MUST SAVE HUMANITY FROM THE DREADED ONE!

EVEN THOUGH I PERISH IN THE ATTEMPT, I DARE NOT FALTER! MY LIFE MEANS NOTHING!
NO! IT IS NOT ONLY OF YOU I AM THINKING! IF, BY SOME UNBELIEVABLE MIRACLE YOU SHOULD TRIUMPH, IT COULD MEAN THE END OF US!
I DO NOT UNDERSTAND!

THEN YOU MUST BE SHOWN! PREPARE YOURSELF, EARTH MORTAL... PREPARE FOR SIGHTS SUCH AS NO HUMAN EYES HAVE EVER BEFORE BEHELD!
LET THE ENTRANCE APPEAR... THE ENTRANCE TO THE BEYOND!

AND NOW, FOLLOW ME... AND BE PREPARED TO WITNESS THE INCREDIBLE!
I MUST BE VIGILANT... IT MIGHT BE A TRAP! AND YET, MY INSTINCTS TELL ME SHE IS SINCERE!


SECONDS LATER, THE EARTHBORN MASTER OF ALL MAGIC WITNESSES SIGHTS WHICH STRAIN HIS SHOCKED SENSES TO THE BREAKING POINT!
THIS IS BUT THE START OF THE EERIE SPECTACLE YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE...!

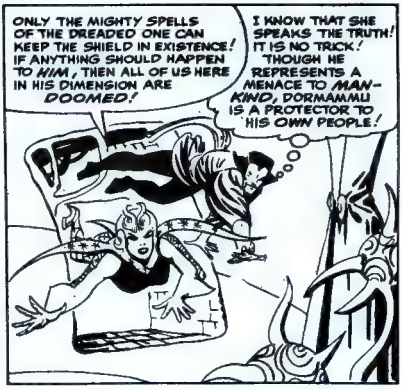
FOR, THIS IS THE OUTSKIRTS OF DORMAMMU'S DOMAIN... WHERE THE MINDLESS ONES DWELL!
THE MINDLESS ONES ??!

YES! AND THERE THEY ARE... PRIMITIVE, SAVAGE, TOTALLY DEVOID OF LOVE, OR KINDNESS, OR ANY TYPE OF INTELLIGENCE! THEY LIVE ONLY TO FIGHT... AND TO DESTROY!

THEY HAVE LIVED AT THE FRINGE OF OUR DIMENSION SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME... EVER WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO ATTACK US... TO SLAY US ALL!

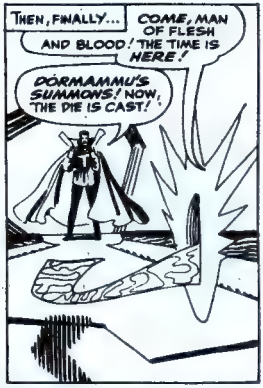
LOOK OUT! WE VENTURED TOO CLOSE! THEY HAVE SEEN US! QUICK... FOLLOW ME!
WHY HAVE THEY NEVER CONQUERED YOU BEFORE? WHAT HAS STOPPED THEM??

ONLY ONE THING...THIS MYSTIC SHIELD BEHIND WHICH WE BOTH HAVE RUN! IT IS TOO POWERFUL FOR THE MINDLESS ONES TO PENETRATE!
IT WAS CREATED BY DORMAMMU, AGES AGO...TO KEEP US SAFE FROM THOSE WHO WOULD DESTROY US!


ONLY THE MIGHTY SPELLS OF THE DREADED ONE CAN KEEP THE SHIELD IN EXISTENCE! IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO HIM, THEN ALL OF US HERE IN HIS DIMENSION ARE DOOMED!
I KNOW THAT SHE SPEAKS THE TRUTH! IT IS NO TRICK! THOUGH HE REPRESENTS A MENACE TO MANKIND, DORMAMMU IS A PROTECTOR TO HIS OWN PEOPLE!

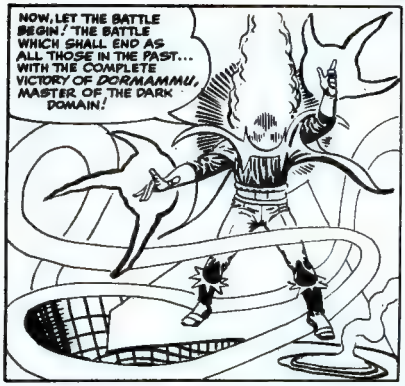
THAT IS WHY YOU MUST NOT DEFEAT HIM! ONLY HE CAN SAVE US FROM THE MINDLESS ONES!
YET, IF HE LIVES, HUMANITY SHALL ALWAYS BE IN DANGER!

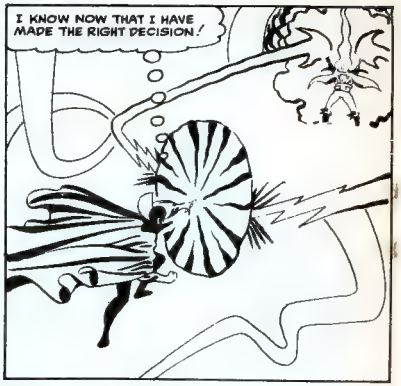
I WISH TO BRING NO HARM TO THIS FANTASTIC WORLD... AND YET MY FIRST DUTY IS TO EARTH... AND THE ONES WHO INHABIT IT!
I HAVE NO CHOICE... I MUST BE TRUE TO MY OATH!


THEN, FINALLY...
COME, MAN OF FLESH AND BLOOD! THE TIME IS HERE!
DORMAMMU'S SUMMONS! NOW, THE DIE IS CAST!

THE GIRL! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO HER??
SHE KNEW THE PENALTY FOR SPEAKING TO AN ENEMY! SHE HAS BETRAYED ME...AND SO, HER FATE IS NOW LINKED WITH YOURS!

BUT... SHE MERELY TRIED TO HELP...! TO CONVINCE ME NOT TO FIGHT...!
SILENCE! FIRST, SHE SHALL WITNESS YOUR DEFEAT...THEN, SHE SHALL BE NEXT TO DIE! DORMAMMU HAS SPOKEN!


NOW, LET THE BATTLE BEGIN! THE BATTLE WHICH SHALL END AS ALL THOSE IN THE PAST... WITH THE COMPLETE VICTORY OF DORMAMMU, MASTER OF THE DARK DOMAIN!


I KNOW NOW THAT I HAVE MADE THE RIGHT DECISION!

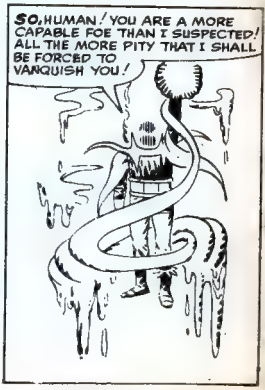
NO MATTER WHAT THE CONSEQUENCES, DORMAMMU IS TOO POWERFUL, TOO EVIL, TO BE ALLOWED TO EXIST!

NO MATTER WHAT THE COST... NO MATTER WHAT THE CONSEQUENCES...HE MUST BE DESTROYED!

HE IS MERELY TOYING WITH ME NOW...TESTING MY DEFENCES! TRYING TO CONFUSE AND BEWILDER ME!

BUT, HE SHALL SEE THAT I, TOO, HAVE MAGICAL WEAPONS!

I, TOO, CAN CAST SPELLS WHICH HAVE THE POWER TO CONFOUND AND TO DAZZLE!

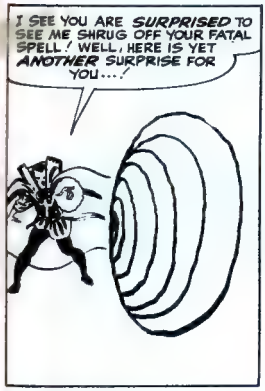

SO, HUMAN! YOU ARE A MORE CAPABLE FOE THAN I SUSPECTED! ALL THE MORE PITY THAT I SHALL BE FORCED TO VANQUISH YOU!

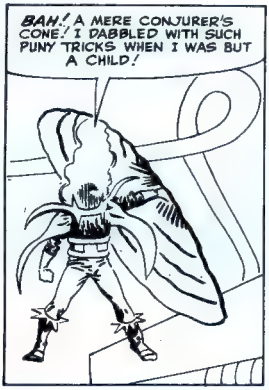
OBSERVE, HELPLESS MORTAL, HOW I CAN MAKE YOU SLOWLY FADE AWAY TO SHEER NOTHINGNESS!

WITHIN A FEW BRIEF SECONDS YOU SHALL BE GONE... FOREVER!

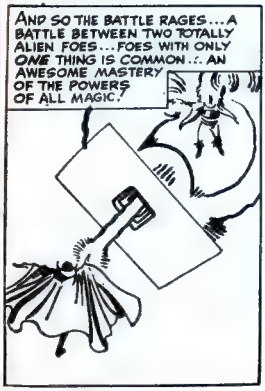
NEVER, DORMAMMU! NOT WHILE THE HOARY HOSTS OF HOGGOTH ARE MINE TO COMMAND!

FOR, THOUGH YOU MOCK THE EARTHLY POWERS I POSSESS, THEY STILL SHALL PROVE EQUAL TO THE TASK OF DEFEATING YOU!


I SEE YOU ARE SURPRISED TO SEE ME SHRUG OFF YOUR FATAL SPELL! WELL, HERE IS YET ANOTHER SURPRISE FOR YOU...!


BAH! A MERE CONJURER'S CONE! I DABBLED WITH SUCH PUNY TRICKS WHEN I WAS BUT A CHILD!

YOU STILL CANNOT EVEN BEGIN TO COMPREHEND THE SCOPE AND EXTENT OF MY ALMOST LIMITLESS POWERS!


AND SO THE BATTLE RAGES... A BATTLE BETWEEN TWO TOTALLY ALIEN FOES... FOES WITH ONLY ONE THING IS COMMON... AN AWESOME MASTERY OF THE POWERS OF ALL MAGIC!

WHILE, IN A SILENT RETREAT IN TIBET, AN AGED MYSTIC OBSERVES EVERY DETAIL OF THE FATEFUL CONFRONTATION... FOR THIS IS... THE ANCIENT ONE!
THERE IS NO TURNING BACK NOW! THE GAME MUST BE PLAYED TO THE END!

MAY THE LIGHT OF THE VISHANTI SHINE UPON DR. STRANGE... AND MAY THE OMNIPOTENT OSHTUR GRANT HIM WISDOM AND STRENGTH!

MEANWHILE...
HIS ATTACK GROWS EVER STRONGER!

AND, TRY AS I MAY, I CANNOT BREAK THROUGH HIS DEFENCES... I CANNOT FIND A WAY TO REACH HIM!

WHILE THE ALIEN BRAIN OF DORMAMMU IS THINKING...
I AM STRONGER THAN HE... BUT NEVER BEFORE HAVE I SEEN SUCH COURAGE... SUCH VALOUR!

BUT, NEITHER COURAGE NOR VALOUR ALONE ARE ENOUGH TO PREVAIL AGAINST MY SUPERIOR MIGHT!

THE ULTIMATE VICTORY MUST BE MINE! THERE CAN BE NO OTHER OUTCOME! IT IS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME!

MEANWHILE, THE HELPLESS GIRL WATCHES, WITH FEARFUL EYES...
IT MATTERS NOT WHO SHALL WIN! IN ANY EVENT I AM DOOMED!

HIS POWER CONTINUES TO INCREASE, WHILE MINE GROWS WEAKER! WHAT MANNER OF BEING IS HE? IS THERE NO WAY TO DRAIN HIS STRENGTH??

BUT, I MUST NOT ALLOW MY MIND TO DWELL ON THOUGHTS OF DEFEAT! I MUST FIGHT ON... UNTIL THE END!

IT WILL SOON BE OVER! THE MORTAL ONE CANNOT HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER!

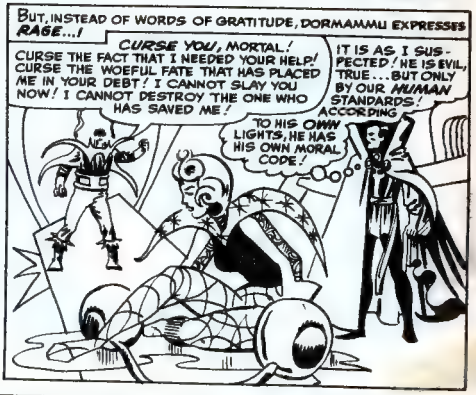
BUT, UNKNOWN TO EITHER COMBATANT, WHILE THE DREAD DORMAMMU EXERTS MORE AND MORE ENERGY TO DEFEAT HIS MORTAL FOE, HIS BARRIER SHIELD GETS PROGRESSIVELY WEAKER, AS THE MINDLESS ONES SLOWLY REALIZE...
SEEING A FEW LEADERS SHUFFLING THROUGH THE BARRIER, OTHERS SOON FOLLOW...
UNTIL A VAST, ONRUSHING HORDE OF SAVAGE, RUTHLESS CREATURES SPILL OVER INTO THE DOMAIN OF THE DREAD DORMAMMU!
THE MINDLESS ONES! THEY'VE BROKEN THROUGH! NOW NOTHING MATTERS! WE ARE ALL DOOMED!
DORMAMMU HAS HALTED HIS ATTACK ON ME! WHY???
I SHALL ATTEND TO YOU LATER, EARTHLING! FOR THE MOMENT, I SEE A MORE PRESSING PROBLEM TO DISPOSE OF!
HE HAS TURNED HIS BACK TO ME! THIS IS MY CHANCE! AND YET... I CANNOT DO BATTLE IN SUCH A MANNER!
BACK, CREATURES OF THE NIGHT!... BACK... I COMMAND YOU, BY THE SEVEN RINGS OF RAGGADORR!
MY EMERGENCY BARRIER SHIELD IS NOT STRONG ENOUGH! THEY ADVANCE TOO QUICKLY! I CANNOT HOLD THEM ALL BACK!

IF DORMAMMU IS UNABLE TO STOP THE MINDLESS ONES, THEN ALL WHO DWELL IN THIS DARK DIMENSION WILL BE SLAIN!

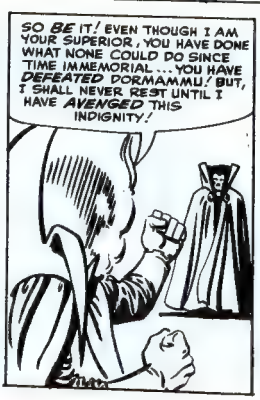
MANY ARE INNOCENT... UNDESERVING OF SUCH A FATE! THEY MUST BE SAVED!
HIS POWER MUST BE INCREASED! PERHAPS, IF I BATHE HIM IN THE LIGHT OF MY ENCHANTED AMULET...!

STAND STILL, DREADED ONE! LET THE POWER OF MY AMULET SEEP INTO YOU, ADDING TO YOUR OWN!

THEN, FORTIFIED BY AWESOME ENERGY FROM DR. STRANGE'S GLEAMING JEWEL, DORMAMMU FINDS HIS STRENGTH INCREASING, UNTIL...
THEY CANNOT PENETRATE ANY FURTHER! IT HOLDS! MY BARRIER HOLDS!

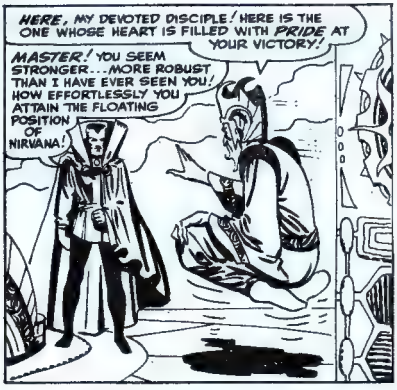

BUT, INSTEAD OF WORDS OF GRATITUDE, DORMAMMU EXPRESSES RAGE...!
CURSE YOU, MORTAL! CURSE THE FACT THAT I NEEDED YOUR HELP! CURSE THE WOEFUL FATE THAT HAS PLACED ME IN YOUR DEBT! I CANNOT SLAY YOU NOW! I CANNOT DESTROY THE ONE WHO HAS SAVED ME!
IT IS AS I SUSPECTED! HE IS EVIL, TRUE... BUT ONLY BY OUR HUMAN STANDARDS! ACCORDING TO HIS OWN LIGHTS, HE HAS HIS OWN MORAL CODE!

TRULY, YOU ARE IN MY DEBT, DORMAMMU! BUT, I SHALL GO EASY ON YOU! I ASK ONLY TWO PROMISES... AND THEN, THE DEBT SHALL BE PAID! ONE: NO HARM MUST COME TO THIS FEMALE! TWO: YOU MUST VOW NEVER TO INVADE THE EARTH!


SO BE IT! EVEN THOUGH I AM YOUR SUPERIOR, YOU HAVE DONE WHAT NONE COULD DO SINCE TIME IMMEMORIAL... YOU HAVE DEFEATED DORMAMMU! BUT, I SHALL NEVER REST UNTIL I HAVE AVENGED THIS INDIGNITY!

WHAT WILL BECOME OF YOU, NOW? PERHAPS THERE COULD BE A WAY TO TAKE YOU BACK WITH ME!?
NO, THIS IS MY WORLD! IT IS HERE THAT I BELONG... NO MATTER WHERE MY HEART SHALL BE!
GO, MAN OF MYSTERY, AND WHATEVER BEFALLS, ALWAYS KNOW... I SHALL NEVER FORGET YOU!

IT MIGHT BE A SECOND LATER, OR A YEAR... FOR, HOW CAN ONE MEASURE TIME IN THE MYSTIC REALM BETWEEN DIMENSIONS ?? BUT, NO MATTER WHEN IT IS, UPON REACHING THE RETREAT OF THE ANCIENT ONE, DR. STRANGE FINDS...
MY MASTER IS GONE! BUT... WHERE..??

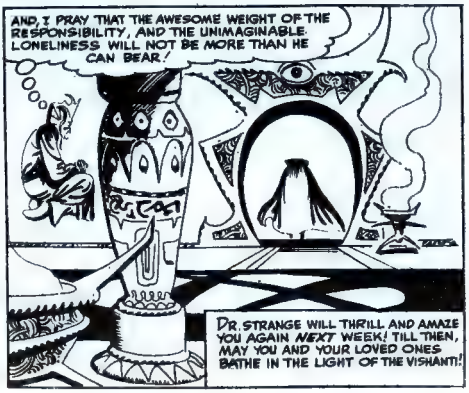

HERE, MY DEVOTED DISCIPLE! HERE IS THE ONE WHOSE HEART IS FILLED WITH PRIDE AT YOUR VICTORY!
MASTER! YOU SEEM STRONGER... MORE ROBUST THAN I HAVE EVER SEEN YOU! HOW EFFORTLESSLY YOU ATTAIN THE FLOATING POSITION OF NIRVANA!

THAT IS BECAUSE OF YOUR DEED, MY SON! YOUR TRIUMPH OVER DORMAMMU HAS BROKEN THE SPELL WHICH ME HAD PLACED ON ME, AGES AGO!
AND NOW, IT IS TIME FOR YOU TO RECEIVE YOUR REWARD... SEE WHAT I BESTOW UPON THEE!

FROM THIS MOMENT FORTH, YOU SHALL HAVE A NEW CAPE, AND A MORE WONDROUS AMULET!

YOU SHALL NEED NEW POWERS, FOR YOU WILL BE CALLED UPON TO PERFORM EVEN GREATER DEEDS IN THE FUTURE!
I PRAY THAT I BE FOUND WORTHY, MASTER!

YOU HAVE ALREADY BEEN FOUND WORTHY, LOYAL ONE! FOR, IT IS YOU WHO SHALL REPLACE ME WHEN THE TIME COMES FOR ME TO BREATHE THE FINAL VAPOURS OF VALTORR! IT IS YOU WHO SHALL ONE DAY BECOME... THE MASTER!


AND, I PRAY THAT THE AWESOME WEIGHT OF THE RESPONSIBILITY, AND THE UNIMAGINABLE LONELINESS WILL NOT BE MORE THAN HE CAN BEAR!
DR. STRANGE WILL THRILL AND AMAZE YOU AGAIN NEXT WEEK! TILL THEN, MAY YOU AND YOUR LOVED ONES BATHE IN THE LIGHT OF THE VISHANTI!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

QUESTIONS ! QUESTIONS ! Day after day, sackfulls of questions about our merry band of super-heroes (and some of the villains, too !). Questions like . . . Is it true Doc. Strange started out as a VILLAIN ? (Turned out he *did*, in a very early Iron Man yarn.) Why do we picture Odin in the Thor tales with two eyes when legend says he had only *one* ? Where did Sub Mariner get hold of those fancy ankle-wings ? Why is The Hulk's skin green ? And is it so that he was once one of The Avengers ? Why don't the Torch's clothes burn when he flames up ? And so on, and so on . . . !

We *do* try to answer them all, honest ! You can take it from us that every spare hour we get (and those you can count on one finger) we spend trying to come up with the right answer. But don't get us wrong. We're not complaining ! It's a lot of work, but we LOVE it ! Everyone wants to know about their *friends*, we understand that ! It proves our battlin' boys are as real to *you* as they are to *us* ! And, besides, those letters asking questions (as well as those giving your opinions on the Power Pack) are just the kind we like to publish. So, keep on wondering . . . and keep those questions rolling in !

Still on the subject of ' pity us ' ! ! They say in publishing (and we haven't yet found out who ' they ' is) that : you can't please *all* the readers *all* the time ! Well, we try, we try ! But of recent yore the editorial masterminds working in the POW 'cubbyhole' have begun to wonder if ' they ' isn't right ! They've got NICK FURY trouble ! Every time they feature a yarn showing Nick and his Howling Commandos battle-busting their way through World War Two, the fans who prefer their Fury in the more contemporary, eye-patch style trouble-shooting for S.H.I.E.L.D. reach for pen, paper and acid. Shove in a SHIELD saga and the war fans . . . well, you get the picture ! But that's our life ! That's comic publishing ! And you think YOU have troubles ?

So many of you frantic ones have become avid COLLECTORS of Power papers that we feel we just ought to remind you. If you find you're missing some of our coveted copies to complete your collection stop shaking your fists at cruel fate and pen a letter to our Back Numbers Department, Odhams Press Ltd., 8-9 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. The Back Numbers fellers are there *to help* you *!*

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE

Andrew Gordon, Eastwood, Essex ; Diana Sullivan, Chester, Cheshire ; Mark Hudson, Enfield, Middx ; Ian Mearns, Inverness, Scotland ; Simon Kirk, Crowthorne, Berks ; Michael Welling, Bushey Heath, Herts ; Eric Lane, Sherborne, Dorset ; John Mills, Ballyfoyle, Ireland ; S. MacDonald, West Ham ; Philip Chalke, Stonehouse, Glos ; Neville Bussey, Herne Bay, Kent ; Peter Haddow, Melbourne, Australia ; Jeremy Redman, Winchester, Hants ; Garry Layden, Stevenage, Herts ; Eric Hindle, Bury, Lancs ; Carol James, Ilford, Essex ; Anthony Sweeney, Letchworth, Herts ; S. Robinson, Manchester, Lancs ; Philip Lazenby, King's Lynne, Norfolk ; James Harvey, Glasgow, Scotland.

ODD SPORTS

The Rat Race

A large brown rodent named Percy won the New York Rat Race this year. The contest was held in a Harlem basement and the winner was bought by a fancier for 100 dollars.

The course was across 100 feet of wooden flooring and about 30 rats were entered. Each rat was in a starting box, and at the " off " they all began scurrying across the floor in pursuit of a sponge soaked in olive oil and dragged along the course on a piece of string by a steward at the finishing point.

The heavily-backed favourite was a white rat called Hank, but he picked a quarrel with a brindled rival that started a fight and ended in them both being disqualified. Another fancied runner cost his owner the race by sitting down half-way along the course to clean his whiskers. By the time he had finished the race was over.

Most of the rats had trained on a mixture of brown bread and olive oil, but Percy's pre-race breakfast had been laced with a few drops of brandy.

SPOON DIGGING CONTEST

Twenty-four competitors entered for a spoon-digging competition recently at a small town in Yugoslavia.

Each competitor was given a tablespoon, and the prize was a silver spoon for the one who could dig the deepest and neatest hole in the ground in 30 minutes.

At the starting signal, the contestants began digging as hard as possible with their spoons. The rules laid down that competitors must have their sleeves rolled up and must not touch the earth with their hands as they dug it out. Scrutineers kept a strict watch to see that the rules were observed.

Only one spoon was allowed for each competitor, and any digger breaking or bending his spoon had to retire. This rule eliminated eleven contestants.

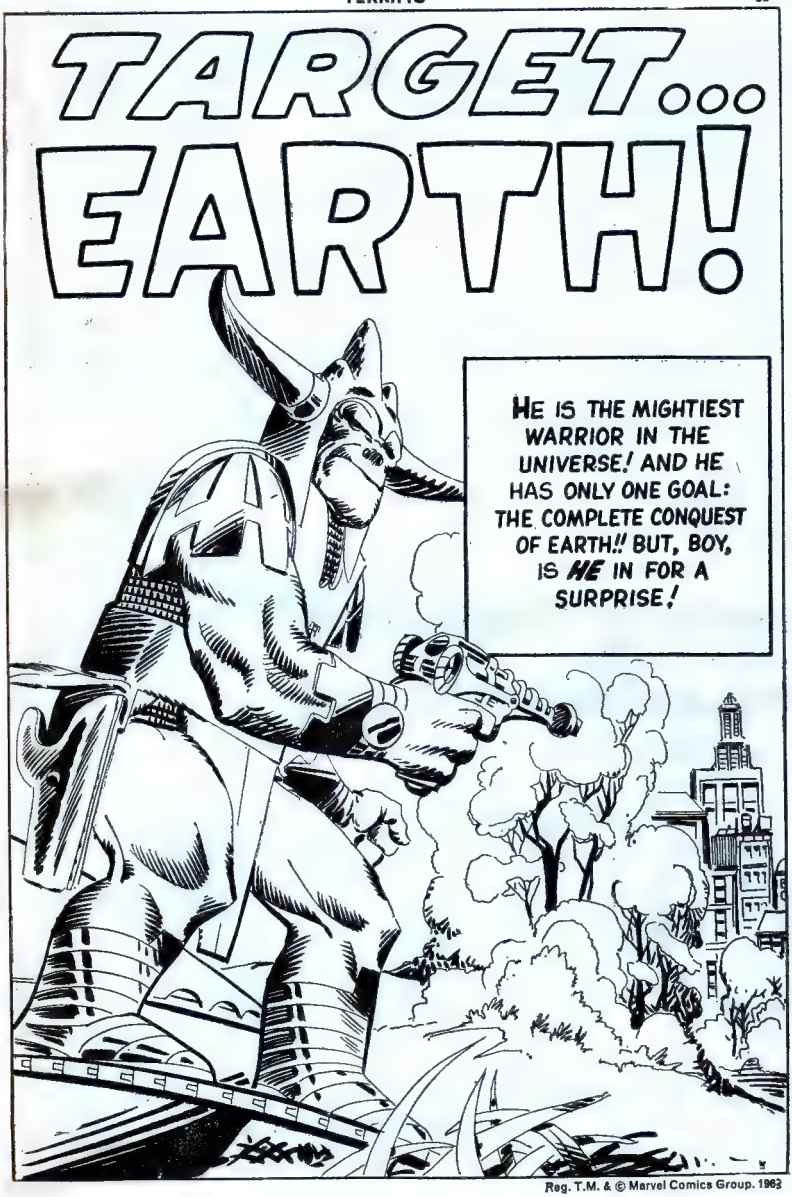
The winner was a soldier on leave. His winning hole was three feet deep and two feet in diameter with beautifully smooth sides. He admitted after the race that luck had been on his side as he encountered several large stones. But as he was able to lift these out on his spoon without touching them with his hands he could not be disqualified.

Needle Threading Champion

The world's champion needle-threader retained her title at a recent charity fete in Quebec by putting 240 strands of cotton through the eye of a needle. This bettered her previous record of 235 strands set up two years ago.

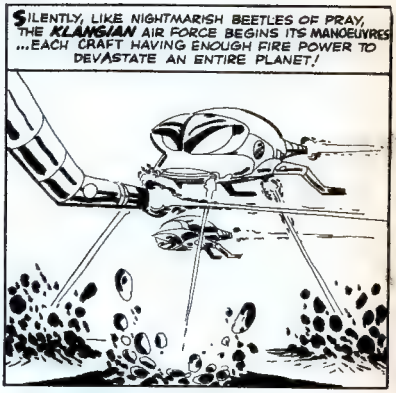
Competitors were each provided with a darning needle and an unlimited supply of thread. About 30 men and women took part and there was a time limit of an hour on the contest. The runner-up was a man, but he managed to thread only 198 strands through his needle.

The winner and runner-up received money prizes, but there was no reward for the judges who had the eye-straining task of counting the threads put through the needles.

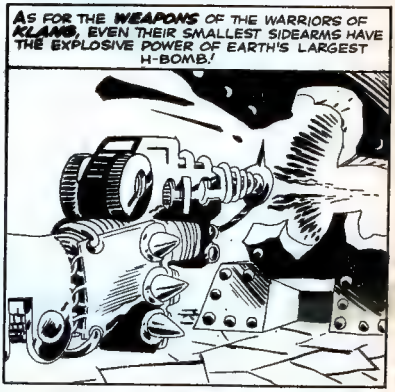


Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1962

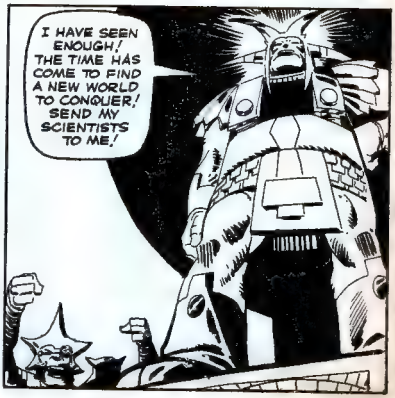
WHEN BA-KORR, WARLORD OF THE PLANET KLANG SPEAKS, GALAXIES TREMBLE! LET US WATCH AS HE GIVES THE COMMAND FOR AN AWESOME DISPLAY OF STRENGTH...
LET THE DEMONSTRATION OF OUR ARMED MIGHT BEGIN! START THE WAR GAMES!


SILENTLY, LIKE NIGHTMARISH BEETLES OF PRAY, THE KLANGIAN AIR FORCE BEGINS ITS MANOEUVRES ...EACH CRAFT HAVING ENOUGH FIRE POWER TO DEVASTATE AN ENTIRE PLANET!

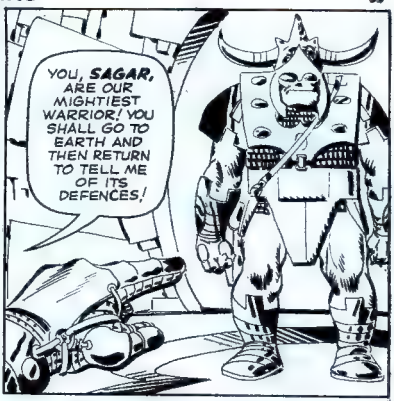
NEXT COME THE UNSTOPPABLE TANKS OF KLANG! NOT EVEN A MOUNTAIN CAN HALT THEIR FATEFUL CHARGE!


AS FOR THE WEAPONS OF THE WARRIORS OF KLANG, EVEN THEIR SMALLEST SIDEARMS HAVE THE EXPLOSIVE POWER OF EARTH'S LARGEST H-BOMB!

BUT ONE OF THEIR GREATEST WEAPONS IS THE INCREDIBLE STRENGTH OF THEIR SOLDIERS! FOR EVERY KLANGIAN IS MORE POWERFUL THAN A DOZEN GORILLAS!

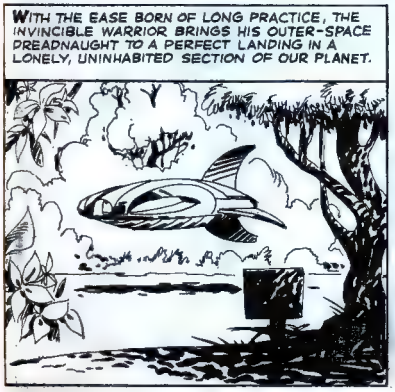

I HAVE SEEN ENOUGH! THE TIME HAS COME TO FIND A NEW WORLD TO CONQUER! SEND MY SCIENTISTS TO ME!

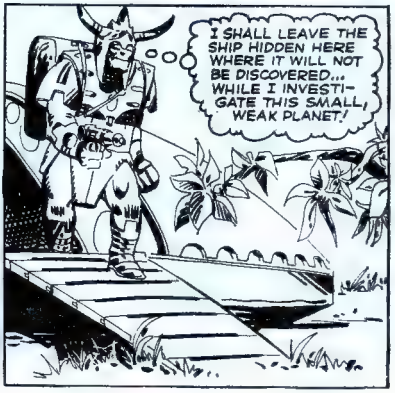
AND SO...
IN A FAR-OFF GALAXY, MIGHTY BA-KORR, WE HAVE LOCATED A WEAK PLANET NAMED EARTH! IT IS RICH IN GOLD AND OTHER PRECIOUS MINERALS!
THEN IT MUST BE SMASHED, AND THE WEALTH SEIZED BY THE PLANET KLANG! EARTH SHALL BE OUR NEXT VICTIM!


YOU, SAGAR, ARE OUR MIGHTIEST WARRIOR! YOU SHALL GO TO EARTH AND THEN RETURN TO TELL ME OF ITS DEFENCES!

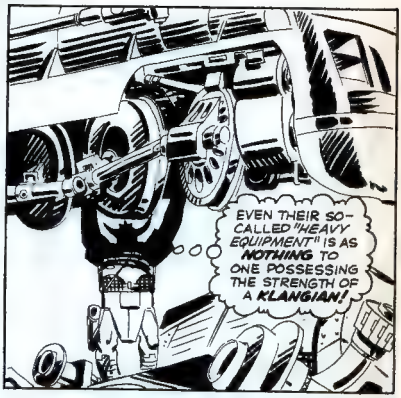
MY SCIENTISTS CLAIM EARTH IS WEAK-- IT WILL BE SIMPLE TO CONQUER! BUT I TAKE NO CHANCES! IF YOU FAIL TO RETURN WITHIN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS, I SHALL CALL OFF THE INVASION!
SAGAR NEVER FAILS, MAJESTY! I SHALL RETURN!

AND SO, WITHOUT FURTHER DELAY, THE MOST POWERFUL, MOST MERCILESS WARRIOR OF ALL OF KLANG'S LEGIONS APPROACHES AN UNSUSPECTING EARTH!
WHAT DANGERS CAN SUCH A PUNY PLANET HOLD FOR ME-- FOR SAGAR, WHO HAS CONQUERED ENTIRE SOLAR SYSTEMS, SINGLE-HANDED!!


WITH THE EASE BORN OF LONG PRACTICE, THE INVINCIBLE WARRIOR BRINGS HIS OUTER-SPACE DREADNAUGHT TO A PERFECT LANDING IN A LONELY, UNINHABITED SECTION OF OUR PLANET.


I SHALL LEAVE THE SHIP HIDDEN HERE WHERE IT WILL NOT BE DISCOVERED... WHILE I INVESTIGATE THIS SMALL, WEAK PLANET!

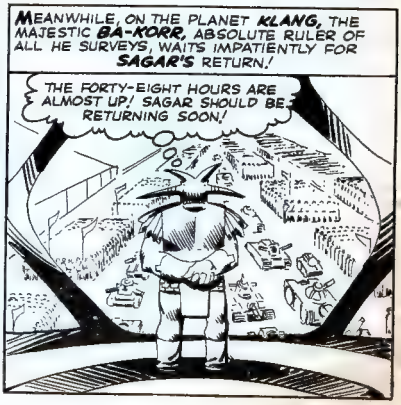
AS I SUSPECTED, THE INHABITANTS ARE SMALL, PUNY! THIS WILL BE THE EASIEST CONQUEST WE HAVE EVER MADE!

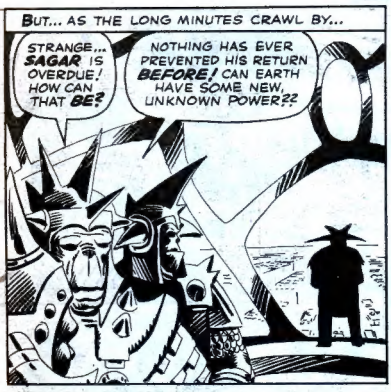

EVEN THEIR SO-CALLED "HEAVY EQUIPMENT" IS AS NOTHING TO ONE POSSESSING THE STRENGTH OF A KLANGIAN!

HOW INEFFECTUAL THEIR DEFENCES ARE! I CAN ROAM THEIR LAND AT WILL, SPYING AS I GO, HIDDEN BEHIND THEIR NATURAL FOLIAGE UNDER THE COVER OF DARKNESS!

THEIR CITIES ARE LIKE HELPLESS VICTIMS, WAITING FOR THE ONSLAUGHT OF THE ATTACKER! ALL IS PERFECT FOR OUR INVASION!

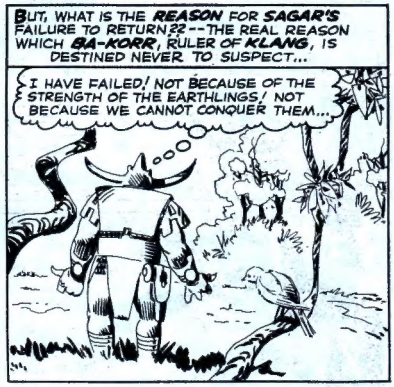
BAH! THERE IS NO NEED TO INVESTIGATE ANY MORE! ONE DIVISION OF A THOUSAND KLANGIANS, WITH OUR MIGHTY WEAPONS, WILL LEVEL THE ENTIRE PLANET IN A SINGLE DAY! I SHALL RETURN AND GIVE THE GLAD NEWS TO BA-KORR!

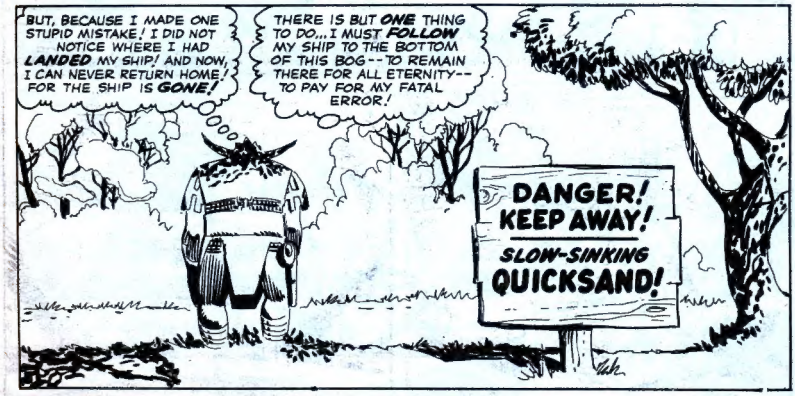

MEANWHILE, ON THE PLANET KLANG, THE MAJESTIC BA-KORR, ABSOLUTE RULER OF ALL HE SURVEYS, WAITS IMPATIENTLY FOR SAGAR'S RETURN!
THE FORTY-EIGHT HOURS ARE ALMOST UP! SAGAR SHOULD BE RETURNING SOON!


BUT... AS THE LONG MINUTES CRAWL BY...
STRANGE... SAGAR IS OVERDUE! HOW CAN THAT BE?
NOTHING HAS EVER PREVENTED HIS RETURN BEFORE! CAN EARTH HAVE SOME NEW, UNKNOWN POWER??

FINALLY...
SO IT IS!
IT IS A FULL FORTY-EIGHT HOURS SINCE SAGAR'S DEPARTURE, MAJESTY!

CANCEL PLANS FOR OUR INVASION OF EARTH! STRIKE IT FROM OUR LIST OF VICTIMS! IT IS THE FIRST PLANET WE HAVE EVER FOUND WHICH HAS A DEFENCE THAT EVEN A KLANGIAN CANNOT OVERCOME!


BUT, WHAT IS THE REASON FOR SAGAR'S FAILURE TO RETURN?? -- THE REAL REASON WHICH GA-KORR, RULER OF KLANG, IS DESTINED NEVER TO SUSPECT...
I HAVE FAILED! NOT BECAUSE OF THE STRENGTH OF THE EARTHLINGS! NOT BECAUSE WE CANNOT CONQUER THEM...


BUT, BECAUSE I MADE ONE STUPID MISTAKE! I DID NOT NOTICE WHERE I HAD LANDED MY SHIP! AND NOW, I CAN NEVER RETURN HOME! FOR THE SHIP IS GONE!
THERE IS BUT ONE THING TO DO... I MUST FOLLOW MY SHIP TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS BOG -- TO REMAIN THERE FOR ALL ETERNITY -- TO PAY FOR MY FATAL ERROR!
DANGER! KEEP AWAY!
SLOW-SINKING QUICKSAND!

THE DRAMA OF DOOM

AGENT DON STARR IS HELD AT GUNPOINT BY HIS CHIEF AND ANOTHER AGENT WHO BELIEVE HIM TO BE A KILLER... WHILE A CRANE DRIVER, TURNED BERSERK BY POISONED DART FIRED BY THE MASTER CRIMINAL CALLED **THE ACTOR**, SWINGS HIS GIGANTIC GRAB...

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A Power House PIN-UP

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